

THE
LADIES'
WEEKLY MUSEUM,
OR
POLITE REPOSITORY
OF
AMUSEMENT AND INSTRUCTION.

VOL. VI.

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NO. 13.

ST. AUBIN;
Or, WOMAN VINDICATED.

A Narrative, from the French.
(Concluded.)

—
LETTER IX.

June 30.

Was it well, Montalembert, to tell me of your domestic joys at a moment when I am smarting in the agonies of disappointed hope?—But no matter, the expression may have escaped you inadvertently, and I can pardon much from you. Think not, however, that my reformation is owing to your cruel upbraidings; I deserved them, it is true, and I now feel, perhaps, more shame than repentance; it is to the virtue which I once thought so lightly of that I may ascribe my restoration to reason, it is to that virtue the unsuspecting husband owes his security. A short time previous to the receipt of your letter I was by chance left alone with Josephine, a momentary embarrassment ensued; it was but momentary, for banishing all reserve, I drew my chair close to her, and passing my arm across her shoulder, drew her towards me. She started from me, as if a serpent had writhed round her. "St. Aubin," said she, with a severe look, "is it thus you requite the friendship and hospitality of Monsieur P——?"

"Perish all such ideas," said I, pettishly, "he can never make me amends for the injury he has done me, in robbing me of you, nor would I be a moment under an obligation to him, but for the delightful privilege it affords me of being near my Josephine."—"If you think to pay me a compliment by that declaration," replied she, gravely, "permit me to assure you, that you have mistaken the way." I took her hand, she did not attempt to withdraw it, and fixing my eyes upon her with earnestness, I said, "tell me now, Josephine, with all that artless sincerity which I once prized, do you really love Monsieur P——?" "In truth I do," she replied without hesitation, "he is too amiable to be hated, and as my husband, as the father of my child, I love and honour him." This declaration, the sincerity of which I could not doubt, threw me into a most violent paroxysm of rage. You know the impetuosity of my temper, and may guess the extravagances I committed. Josephine, terrified and disgusted, hurried away; and I, reduced to a state which baffles description, snatched down a blunderbuss, which hung over the fire-place, and discharged the whole contents into my breast. The report reached the ears of Josephine, who with the domestics instantly burst into the room. Heedless of appearances, Madame P—— used eve-

ry endeavor to staunch the blood which flowed copiously from several wounds, and the solicitude she so unguardedly expressed, filled me, even at that moment, when I believed myself dying, with inconceivable delight. A surgeon was instantly sent for, but before he could arrive Monsieur P—— returned, and Josephine, with admirable address, ascribed the whole to accident, or rather, as she termed it my extreme awkwardness in handling fire-arms. To my great surprise Monsieur P—— treated the affair very lightly, observing, that it was fortunate the piece was only loaded with small shot, but he hoped it would be a warning to me. His words made more impression upon my mind than he, perhaps, expected; yet I was only cured of one folly to fall into another. Josephine condescended to be my nurse; and to make the most of such an indulgence, I must confess, I pretended to be ill much longer than I really was; so occasionally I cherished the idea, that in secret I was still dear to Josephine; perhaps it was not a fallacious one, but I presumed upon it, and was deservedly punished. One evening I was sufficiently recovered to sit up to tea, and Madame P——, whose husband was absent for the day, indulged me with her company. In the course of conversation, I adverted to past occurrences, to the happy hours I had spent in the cottage, and to good old Alice. Josephine was softened, tears of tender regret stole down her cheeks, her bosom heaved with unconcealed emotion, and laying her hand upon mine, she ejaculated with fervor, “those were blissful hours, St. Aubin, why, oh why, were they so cruelly interrupted.” Amazed, delighted by this unguarded expression, I pressed her hand to my lips, then throwing myself at her feet, exclaimed, “Josephine, deceive not yourself with mistaken notions of rectitude, fate has given your person to another, but in the eyes of heaven you are mine; your heart, your vows, were they not wholly St. Aubin’s?” Josephine started up—“this is sophistry I must not, will not hear.—

True, my heart, my vows, were wholly yours, but duty demanded the sacrifice which I made. For a time, with romantic enthusiasm, I fancied myself wretched, but the tender assiduities of an amiable and attached husband, soon convinced me of my folly & perverseness. I found that merit was not confined to St. Aubin; that my fate was more enviable than lamentable; and that I was, myself unworthy of the regard of such a man as Monsieur P——; from that moment a total revolution took place in my sentiments, nor till the day on which you came to the chateau was our domestic harmony interrupted.”—“And then, Madame, did not your sentiments undergo another revolution?” “Terror was the predominant sensation.”—“Terror, how so, Josephine?”—“I feared lest Monsieur should make discoveries inimical to his peace. Jealousy might transform him into a less amiable character.”—“Indeed! and your emotion was wholly upon his account? Your subsequent concealment too. Really, Josephine, you are strangely altered.”—“I understand the irony your words contain,” returned Madame P——, colouring, “and confess, at the same time, that your observation is just. When I was first the object of your regard, there was no tie to withhold me from answering your affection as you wished, but now, St. Aubin, you behold me a wife and mother, and yet affect to wonder that I am altered.”—“Detested ties.” I exclaimed, snatching her to my throbbing bosom, “they shall, they must be broken, ’tis rigid prudence only makes you obedient to them, your heart, I know, disclaims the accursed bond.” She broke from my hold with indignation. “Serpent,” she cried, “I have cherished thee too long, where now shall I look for virtue, since St. Aubin is so base a wretch. Yet hear me now, ingrate, for the last time, quit this roof as you value my peace and your own reputation, for my husband’s sake I will not accuse you, depart, therefore, while his pure soul is undisturbed by those angry passions which deform your na-

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ture, and bear with you the conviction that Josephine can never love or esteem the being who would trample under foot those sacred duties which refine and exalt the human character. Ah! St. Aubin, I see that you are not yet entirely abandoned to vice, and I rejoice that I may still recollect my youthful preference without a pang of self-accusation." As she spoke the animation of her fine features, the tuneful modulation of her voice, and the brilliant expression of her piercing eyes, gave her a dignity almost supernatural; what I had loved as woman, I could then have worshipped as a celestial being. "Forgive me, Madame P——," I cried, "and here, in the face of heaven, I swear never again to trespass; your anger I cannot bear, your pure soul I reverence, and whatever may be my sufferings, your peace, and that of him deservedly dear to you, shall never be molested by the wretched St. Aubin." She extended her hand to me, in token of forgiveness, and again requested me to quit the chateau, as soon as I could find a plausible pretext. I see the propriety of this measure, and am preparing to quit the chateau. Perhaps I shall pass a few weeks with you, if your heart and doors are, as formerly open to the erring

ST. AUBIN.

Pierpoint having perused all the letters, he hurried to the baron, and flinging them down before him, said, "the contents of these are not calculated to remove my prejudices; this same St. Aubin is a wild eccentric being, exactly such as my respected Savigne describes."—"Well then, my perverse young friend," said the baron, smiling, "read your tutor's letter to me, and if that will not satisfy you, I must give you up as the most incorrigible creature I ever met with."

LETTER X.

CONGRATULATE me, dearest friend, for happiness has yet a smile in store for the long-neglected St. Aubin. Pierpoint, that dear youth, for whom I feel a parental affection, will bring you this,

he is a stranger to past events, and knows me only as the monitor of his boyish days, the grave and sometimes morose Savigne, yet I believe his generous heart will sympathize with my sorrows, and forgive my past errors. To you I leave the task of explanation, you have copies of my letters; and, surely, when he knows that his mother and my Josephine are the same, he will not wonder, that at the expiration of that period which respect for the deceased requires the observance of Madame P——, she consents to bestow her hand upon one who, however unworthy, has a sincere respect for her matchless virtues, and a heart capable of appreciating her various excellencies. Josephine, my ever loved Josephine, & the faithful wife of my reverend benefactor, are objects never to be divided in my affection, and personal admiration is strengthened by confirmed respect. Be it your care to inform Pierpoint that from the time when our correspondence ceased, I absented myself from the chateau, until chance threw me in the way of Monsieur Pierpoint, who requested me to undertake the tuition of his son. I discharged my trust faithfully, it was the only reparation I could make for my former ingratitude, & from the moment when I first undertook the important charge, I became the friend of the husband, not the lover of the wife. The fervour of youth has abated: I am not now the enthusiast of nineteen; but as I understand the nature of the feelings at that age, tell Pierpoint, that I expect he will secure the hand of his lovely Julia while the prize is within his reach. Madame Pierpoint wishes to revisit her native country, her father has been long since numbered with the dead. Perhaps you, my friend, with your fair daughter, will add to our happiness by accompanying us. The excursion would, I think, be particularly agreeable to the young couple, and we shall make a snug family party. I anticipate a thousand agreeable sensations in reviewing the scenes of my early attachment. Leaning on your arm, I will point out the various

objects, insignificant perhaps to casual observers, but most interesting in my eyes; and which even you will not regard with entire indifference, as they will serve to remind you of the eccentricities of him whom you have so long honoured with your esteem.

Hasten, dear friend, to relieve my anxiety, by acquainting me with Pierpoint's sentiments upon this occasion. I think I possess his regard, which, with the love of Josephine and your steady esteem, cannot fail to complete the feelings of

ST. AUBIN.

"Ah, now I am quite satisfied," cried Pierpoint, laughing, "and you may tell my Savigne, that I intend to prove myself a most dutiful son, by obeying his first injunction, respecting Julia"—"With my permission, I trust you would add," observed the baron. "Of that I have no fear," returned Pierpoint—Just then Julia tripped lightly into the room,—“well; Pierpoint, what do you think of our little romance?”—“I was pleased with it while the characters were unknown to me, but I own I should not have been perfectly reconciled to the hero had he been any other than Savigne.”—“But the heroine, is not her character a complete vindication of woman?”—“I think it is, and happy would it be for society if there were many copies of so perfect an original.” “Why you rude creature, would you insinuate that there are not?”—“I beg pardon if I have insinuated any thing derogatory to the honour of the sex, in whom I have so strong a confidence that I am desirous of leading one, young, beautiful, and high spirited, to the altar this day week or sooner, if agreeable.” Julia suffered herself to be persuaded into a compliance with this bold request, and the marriage was celebrated before the arrival of St. Aubin and his bride; and after a few weeks, spent in social hilarity, the happy party set out on their projected continental journey.

Many can descant on the beauty and desireableness of universal harmony, who, nevertheless, do more to prevent than to promote it.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THIS beautiful, accomplished, interesting, and unfortunate woman, after being ranked among the most abandoned of her sex for nearly two centuries, owing to the envy and malice of her rival cousin and sister Queen Elizabeth, has at length found champions in Mr. Goodall, Mr. Tytler, and Mr. Whitaker, who have vindicated her character, & shown that, if, in some respects, she was imprudent—yet that she is more to be pitied than censured, and more pure than her calumniators,—and that one of her greatest errors was confiding in her who was seeking her life.

On Tuesday the 7th of Jan. 1587, the earls of Shrewsbury and Kent arrived at Fotheringay, and demanding access to the queen, read in her presence the warrant for execution, and required her to prepare to die next morning. Mary heard them to the end without emotion, and crossing herself in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, “That soul” said she, “is not worthy of the joys of heaven, which repines because the body must endure the stroke of the executioner; & though I did not expect that the queen of England would set the first example of violating the sacred person of a sovereign prince, I willingly submit to that which Providence has decreed to be my lot; and laying her hand on a Bible, which happened to be near her, she solemnly protested that she was innocent of that conspiracy which Babington had carried on against Elizabeth's life. She then mentioned the requests contained in her letter to Elizabeth, but obtained no satisfactory answer. She entreated, with particular earnestness that now, in her last moments, her almoner might be suffered to attend her, and that she might enjoy the consolation of those pious institutions prescribed by her religion. Even this favour, which is usually granted to the vilest criminal, was absolutely denied.

Her attendants, during this conversation, were bathed in tears, and though

overawed by the presence of the two earls, with difficulty suppressed their anguish; but no sooner did Kent and Shrewsbury withdraw, than they ran to their mistress, and burst out into the most passionate expressions of tenderness & sorrow. Mary, however, not only retained perfect composure of mind, but endeavored to moderate their excessive grief; and falling on her knees, with all her domestics around her, she thanked heaven that her sufferings were now so near an end, and prayed that she might be enabled to endure what still remained, with decency and with fortitude. The greater part of the evening she employed in settling her worldly affairs. She wrote her testament with her own hand. Her money, her jewels, and her clothes, she distributed among her servants, according to their rank or merit. She wrote a short letter to the king of France, and another to the duke of Guise, full of tender but magnanimous sentiments, and recommended her soul to their prayers, and her afflicted servants to their protection. At supper she ate temperately, as usual, and conversed not only with ease, but with cheerfulness; she drank to every one of her servants, and asked forgiveness if ever she had failed in any part of duty towards them. At her usual time she went to bed, and slept calmly a few hours. Early in the morning she retired into her closet, and employed a considerable time in devotion. At eight o'clock, the high sheriff and his officers entered her chamber, and found her still kneeling at the altar. She immediately started up, and with a majestic mien, and a countenance undismayed, and even cheerful, advanced towards the place of execution, leaning on two of Paulet's attendants. She was dressed in a mourning habit, but with an elegance and splendour which she had long laid aside, except on a few festival days.

An agnus dei hung by a pomander chain at her neck;—her beads at her girdle; and in her hand she carried a crucifix of ivory. At the foot of the stairs the two earls, attended by several

gentlemen from the neighboring counties, received her; and there Sir Andrew Melvil the master of the household, who had been secluded for some weeks from her presence, was permitted to take his last farewell. At the sight of a mistress whom he tenderly loved, in such a situation, he melted into tears; and as he was bewailing her condition, and complaining of his own hard fate, in being appointed to carry the account of such a mournful event into Scotland, Mary replied, "weep not good Melvil; there is at present great cause for rejoicing. Thou shalt this day see Mary Stewart delivered from all her cares, and such an end put to her tedious sufferings as she long expected. Bear witness that I die constant in my religion; firm in my fidelity towards Scotland; and unchanged in my affection for France. Commend me to my Son. Tell him I have done nothing injurious to his kingdom, to his honor, or to his rights; and God forgive all those who have thirsted, without cause, for my blood."

With much difficulty, and after many entreaties, she prevailed on the two earls to allow Melvil, together with three of her men servants and two of her maids, to attend her to the scaffold. It was erected in the same hall where she had been tried, raised a little above the floor, and covered, as well as the chair, the cushion, and block, with black cloth. Mary mounted the steps with alacrity, beheld all this apparatus of death with an unaltered countenance, and, signing herself with the cross, she sat down in the chair. Beale read the warrant for execution with a loud voice, to which she listened with a careless air, and like one occupied in other thoughts. Then the Dean of Peterborough began a devout exercise, suitable to her present condition, and offered up prayers to heaven in her behalf; but she declared she could not in conscience hearken to the one, nor join with the other; and falling on her knees, repeated a Latin prayer. When the Dean had finished his devotions, she, with an audible voice, and in the En-

glish tongue, recommended unto God the afflicted state of the church, and prayed for the prosperity to her son, and for a long & peaceable reign to Elizabeth. She declared, that she hoped for mercy only through the death of Christ, at the foot of whose image she now willingly shed her blood; and, lifting up and kissing the crucifix, she thus addressed it; "As thy arms, O Jesus, were extended on the cross; so with the out-stretched arms of thy mercy receive me, and forgive me!"

She then prepared for the block, by taking off her veil and upper garments; and one of the executioners rudely endeavoring to assist, she gently checked him, and said, with a smile, that she had not been accustomed to undress before so many spectators, nor to be served by such valets. With calm, but undaunted fortitude she laid her neck on the block; and while one executioner held her hands, the other, at the second stroke, cut off her head, which, falling out of its attire, discovered her hair already grown quite grey with cares and sorrows. The executioner held it up still streaming with blood, and the Dean crying out, "So perish all queen Elizabeth's enemies," the earl of Kent alone answered, Amen. The rest of the spectators continued silent, and drowned in tears; being incapable at that moment of any other sentiments but those of pity or admiration.—
Robertson

FRENCH PECULIARITIES.

From the London Monthly Magazine.

ACTIVITY OF THE WOMEN.

AT the hotel or inn where you arrive you may find the husband in the habit of going to market, and of keeping the books; but all other business, such as receiving the travellers, adjusting the bills, superintending the servants, male and female, falls under the province of *Madame*. Again, if you go to an upholsterer's to buy a few articles of furniture, you may observe the husband superin-

tending his workmen in the back shop or yard, but leaving it to his fair partner to treat with customers, to manage all cash receipts and payments, and, in many cases, to fix on the articles to be purchased out of doors. The mercer's wife does not limit her services to the counter, or to the mechanical tasks of retailing and measuring—you see her at one time standing beside the desk, and giving directions to the clerks; at another you hear of her being absent on a journey to the manufacturing towns, and are desired to suspend your purchases, not till her return, which would be remote, but for the few days necessary to let her send home some marks of her progress, '*car madame nous fait ses envois a mesure qu'elle fait ses achats.*' In short, women in France are expected not only to lend an assisting hand to their husbands in business, but to take a lead in the management, to keep the correspondence, to calculate the rate of prices, and to do a number of things that imply not merely fidelity and vigilance, but the habit of deciding and acting by herself in the most important departments of the concern. We need hardly add, that they are abundantly zealous in points so nearly connected with the welfare of their families, and that the extent of assistance thus afforded to the husband far exceeds any idea that can be formed by those who have not resided in France. But all advantages have their drawbacks, and this assistance is not afforded without several important sacrifices, among which we are to reckon the almost universal neglect of neatness in the interior of the house, and the more serious charge of inattention to the health of their children. The greater proportion of the latter are separated from their mothers at the time when parental tenderness is most wanted, and entrusted to country nurses, who are frequently very deficient in the means of preserving their health, or providing for their comfort.

If we look to the higher circles, we shall find every where examples of similar activity and address. Your readers may have fresh in their minds the mul-

tiplied letters and applications of Madame Ney, and the more fortunate exploit of Madame Lavalette. They will not have forgotten the courageous stand made by the Duchess of Angouleme at Bordeaux, in March 1815, and her repeated addresses to the troops in the garrison.

MORALS.

This is a very delicate topic, and one on which I take the liberty to differ from a great number of our countrymen. In nothing does the exaggerating propensity of the French appear more conspicuous than in the tale of scandal; not that such tales are particularly frequent in this country, but, because, when they do come forth, they are arrayed in a garb that would hardly ever enter into the imagination of any of our countrywomen. On our side of the Channel a rumour, whether among the fair or the mercenary part of the public, generally has probability, in some degree, for its foundation; but in France all you require is the direct allegation, the confident assertion. Nobody thinks of scrutinizing your evidence, and you are in no danger of being afterwards reminded of your fallacy, in a country where almost every thing is absorbed in the thirst of novelty. A lady in France, who may happen to have a quarrel, or who may give rise to a hostile feeling by her vanity or affectation, is not, as with us, merely satirised for the eccentricity of her dress or manner, but is doomed forthwith to encounter the most vehement attacks on her reputation. Lovers are immediately found out for her, and the circumstances of assignations are recapitulated with as much precision as if the parties had been present at the forbidden interview; if she has eclipsed her rivals at a ball, or received the marked attentions of a leading personage, the unkindly rumour will fly from mouth to mouth, without exciting, among at least nine-tenths of the public, the least doubt of its reality. It lasts, indeed, only for a few weeks, until some other female becomes equally the object of jealousy, and is made to furnish materials for a fresh series of wonderful anecdotes.

A residence of several years in a provincial town of considerable size and of much genteel society, has satisfied me that nine-tenths of the tales circulated against particular individuals are unfounded, and were never meant by the inventors to produce any thing beyond a temporary discredit to the obnoxious party. Common sense tells us, that, in every civilized country, a woman will look for her happiness in the affection of her husband, and in the esteem of the respectable part of her sex; nor can France be accounted an exception, unless it can be shewn that, by some strange peculiarity, the men in that country are indifferent to the chastity of their wives and daughters, or the women callous to every thing in the shape of vice. Gallantry is the vice of an idle man; it is characteristic of the higher ranks in France, in the same manner, and perhaps in a somewhat higher degree than in other countries; but how small is the proportion of these idlers to the great mass of the population! The middling and the lower ranks follow the same habits of industry as with us; a married couple can find a maintenance for their family only by a cordial support of each other; and the time of the husband is occupied to a degree that leaves him very little leisure for planning projects on his neighbor's wife.

There is, however, a very marked distinction in the degree of reprobation affixed by French and English ladies to individuals of their sex, labouring under unfavorable imputations. While, with us, the exclusion from society takes place on a general scale, in France it is only partial, owing not (as the wags will argue) to a community of impropriety on the part of those who still continue their countenance; but to a facility of temper, a wish to view things on the favorable side, a credulity in listening to the vindication of the accused party, a partiality to whoever courts protection; in short, to a variety of causes that do more honour to the heart than the head.

Parents in France are very scrupu-

lous in regard to their daughters, and make a rule of not allowing them to go into company or to places of amusement without the protection of a relation or friend, whose age or character will prevent any loose conversation from the young or giddy part of the other sex. This, to be sure, is paying but a bad compliment to the male part of the society; but it gives an English family residing in France an assurance, that their daughters may go without hazard into female society, particularly of an age corresponding to their own. Music, drawing, and dancing, form in that country, as with us, the general occupation of unmarried ladies.

(To be concluded in our next.)

DESCRIPTION

OF THE HUMMING BIRD.

By BUFFON.

"Of all animated beings, the fly-bird (*Oiseau mouche*, angl. humming bird) is the most elegant in its form, and the most brilliant in its colours. The precious stones and metals polished by our art cannot be compared to this jewel of nature. Her miniature productions are ever the most wonderful; she has placed it in the order of birds, at the bottom of the scale of magnitude; but all the talents which are only shared among the others, nimbleness, rapidity, sprightliness, grace, and rich decoration, she has bestowed profusely upon this little favourite. The emerald, the ruby, the topaz, sparkle in its plumage, which is never soiled by the dust of the ground. It inhabits the air; it flutters from flower to flower; it breathes their freshness; it feeds on their nectar, and resides in climates where they blow in perpetual succession.

"It is in the hottest part of the new world that all the species of fly-birds are found. They are numerous, and seem confined between the two tropics; for those which penetrate in summer within the temperate zones make but a short stay. They follow the course of the sun; with him they advance and

retire; they fly on the wings of the zephyr, to wanton in eternal spring."

"The Indians, struck with the dazzle and glow of the colours of these brilliant birds, have named them *the beams or locks of the sun*. The Spaniards call them *tomineos*, on account of their diminutive size, *tomine* signifying a weight of twelve grains. I saw, says Nieremberg, one of these birds weighed with its nest, and the whole together did not amount to two *tomines*. The smaller species does not exceed the bulk of the great gad-fly, or the thickness of the drone. Their bill is a fine needle, and their tongue a delicate thread: their little black eyes resemble two brilliant points; the feathers of their wings are so thin as to look transparent; hardly can the feet be perceived, so short are they and so slender; and these are little used, for they rest only during the night.— Their flight is buzzing, continued and rapid. Maregrave compares the noise of their wings to the whirr of a spinning-wheel; so rapid is the quiver of their pinions, that, when the bird halts in the air, it seems at once deprived of motion and life. Thus it rests a few seconds beside a flower, and again shoots to another like a gleam. It visits them all, thrusting its little tongue into their bosom, and caressing them with its wings; it never settles, but it never quite abandons them. Its playful inconstancy multiplies its innocent pleasures; for the dalliance of this little lover of flowers never spoils their beauty.

"They who imagine they have a complete idea of the little tribe of *Manikio* birds, [he probably includes the Creepers,] from the pictures we have of them, will find themselves deceived, when they compare their draughts with nature. The shining greens, the changeable purples, and the glossy reds, are beyond the reach of the pencil; and very far beyond the coloured print, which is but a poor substitute for painting."

To the Omnipotent, it is a little thing to save us; but it is a great thing for us to be really willing to be saved.

THE LADIES' FRIEND.

OUR female readers will not be displeased with some remarks from a modern author, upon the subject of beauty. It is a beauty however, which is most peculiarly ornamental to a female,—the *beauty of virtue*.—*Hos. Ev. Int.*

If the ancients gave strength to Hercules, beauty to Venus, and sublimity to Jupiter; Virtue combines the qualities of them all, and is to Happiness, what the sculptor is to his marble, the painter to his canvass, and the musician to his instrument. It is the best of all escutcheons, as education is the best of all inheritances.—A quality, without which, the patent of a dukedom were but an imaginary distinction.—And as Newtonian mathematics open the widest road to mechanical science, its practice forms the vestibule to every honour, and confers more dignity, than all the stars, ribbands and crescents which decorate the nobility of England, Germany or Turkey. Like the harps of Milton, Virtue is always in tune. She strikes the chords, and melody lulls us in private, and harmony in public. Like the flowers of Congo, at the rising and setting of the sun, she charms the senses with delightful odours:—she is an armour to the soul, as health is an armour to the body: she engenders a beauty in those, who practice her precepts, and renders every object, which depreciates her, despicable and ugly.

Hence it arises, that nothing is more beautiful to our imagination and perception, than the virtuous feelings of women, and the noble actions of men.—From this union proceeds that refinement of delight, which we experience, while dwelling on the memoirs of Alfred and Piastus, Hampden and Washington; and of such women as Madame Roland, Lady Jane Gray, and Madame Elizabeth. For though material objects have the power of administering to some of our best receivers of pleasure, yet, as they derive that power solely from their faculty of producing in the mind references to intellectual beings; it follows of necessity, that the deeds and senti-

ments of correlative beings themselves must have a more immediate and enlarged power of producing those emotions of delight, than objects, which possess only secondary relations. Birds delight more in the beauty, society, language, and actions of birds, than in the contemplation of the leaves, copses, and thickets, in which they reside. Such also are the relative pleasures of insects, fishes, and animals.—This affection indeed runs through the whole region of animated nature.—

Hence it ensues, that every one, even though his mother were an Ethiopian or an Esquimaux, that excites our benevolence, our esteem, our friendship or our love, is, in proportion to the degree of affection he excites, a literal benefactor. Since the pleasure, he awakens from the exercise of those affections, contributes essentially to our comfort and happiness.

He therefore, who feels these natural obligations, glides on in adversity calmly and innocently;—in prosperity, in a dream of continual content. His virtue smiles;—his religion is the personification of gentleness;—his heart is peace:—and his errors and his foibles, leaning to weakness, rather than to vice, his misfortunes settle into repose; even as the Teverone, after falling from rock to rock, glides smoothly into the Tiber.

Attentive, through all the mazes of existence, to that fine moral doctrine of Marcus Aurelius, that the grand business of man is to direct his manners, to command his passions, and improve his mental energies;—when life lingers on old age, with far greater propriety than Anacreon, may he exclaim with all the fervour of truth,---

Though to my head the snows of age have hung,

Yet my gay heart forever makes me young.

It was the Cardinal Polignac, who upon being asked by the Duchess of Maine how she differed from a Watch, replied thus happily: *Madam, a Watch tells us how time passes, but with you we forget to count the hours.*

ON POVERTY.

A MAN without money is a body without a soul; a walking corpse, and a horrible spectre. His address is sad and awkward; his conversation tedious and troublesome. If he goes to visit any one, he never finds him at home; and if he opens his mouth to speak, he is immediately interrupted; lest he should terminate his discourse by asking money. He is shunned as one infected, and considered an useless burthen upon earth. If he has wife, he cannot show it; and if he has none, he is regarded as the most heinous two-legged monster that nature can produce. His enemies say he is worthless; and those who are the most moderate in speaking of him, qualify their praise by shrugging up their shoulders. Necessity wakes him in the morning, and misery attends him at night. The women find him graceless in the extreme. His host wishes, like the Cameleon, that he could live upon air; and his taylor, that he would clothe himself like our first parents. If he attempts to reason, no one attends to him; if he sneeze, no one perceives it; if he wants any thing from a tradesman, he is asked to pay for it before hand; and if he contracts debts, he is looked upon as a knave.

ON VIRTUE.

LABOUR and Virtue had once some employment at the court of Jupiter, which gave them an opportunity of being acquainted. As Virtue was extremely handsome, Labour soon became passionately fond of her: he asked her of Jupiter, and obtained her. The monarch himself prepared the wedding, which was celebrated with great magnificence, and to the entire satisfaction of the whole court. The new married couple lived contented with each other for some years; but Virtue proving sterile, Labour began to treat her with indifference. Virtue, sorely afflicted at losing the affections of her husband, applied to Juno, whom she entrusted with the secret of her uneasiness, and entreated her influence with Jupiter

that she might be rendered fruitful. She obtained her request, and gave birth to a son, who was named Honour, by Jupiter himself. Her happiness, however, was but of short duration: the infant being of a delicate constitution died soon after he was born; and Virtue having no farther issue, Labour took such a dislike to her that he forsook her. Virtue was so much afflicted at this circumstance, that she wasted away by degrees, and was at last metamorphosed into a shadow, such as she now appears among so many impostors, who boast themselves of being descended in a direct line from Labour and Virtue.

ON HONOUR.

HONOUR resembles the eye; it cannot suffer the smallest impurity, without being entirely affected. It is a precious stone; the least defect in which diminishes its value. It is a treasure, which if once unfortunately lost, can never be regained. Honour is to this life, what salvation is to the next. The latter can only be acquired by taking great pains, and the former can only be preserved by the greatest delicacy. The wise man preserves it as a resource in the misfortunes which may befall him; whereas the foolish man pledges it at every moment for nothing. A body without a soul is a carcase, and a man without honour is a dead body, from which every one turns with disgust.

Honour is in itself so entire, that it can bear no diminution in any of its parts, without totally disappearing.—We therefore cannot see a man dishonourable by halves. Honour and life, placed in a balance, are found to be of equal weight: but as soon as honour is taken from the one scale, the other kicks the beam.

It is reasonable to suppose, that as our actions are in their motive, so will they be in their end; otherwise, perfection and imperfection might generate each other.

VARIETY.



The Banquet condemned, a morality from the French of the Fourteenth Century.

AMONG the quaint little moral dramas of former times, was a piece with the above title. It opens with the following personages enjoying themselves at table.

Good Company.—*I drink your health.*
—*I pledge you.*—*Frequent repetition.*—*Supper.*—*Pastime.*—*Gluttony.*—*Daintiness.* These gay fellows are watched through a window by others very ill disposed towards them. *Apoplexy, Paralysis, Epilepsy, Pleurisy, Colic, Squinancy, Hydropsy, Jaundice, Gravel,* and others of the same nature, not less formidable, grotesquely habited, and armed with bludgeons. After some time, *Supper*, who betrays his guests, admits the whole cohort of enemies. A dreadful battle ensues.

The table is overthrown, and its contents dashed to shivers.—At this instant enters a personage more traitorous still than *Supper*; this is *Banquet* himself, who affects to protect the jolly company, seats them again at table, and they begin to revive; but are once more surprised by the diseases, which prevail against them *fatally*. *Good Company* is the only one who escapes; and resorts to dame *Experience* with his complaints. This sage dame causes *Supper* and *Banquet* to be arrested by *Sobriety, Medicine, Phlebotomy, and Fasting*, by whom they are led away to prison.—He afterwards holds council with *Hippocrates, Galen, Avicenna, and Averhoes*. The criminals are condemned. *Remedy* passes sentence on them. *Banquet* is executed.

Supper is pronounced not guilty, as to himself; but by reason of his having admitted too great a number and variety of dishes on the table, he is sentenced to wear a badge on his arm, of leaden tufts down the whole front of his sleeve; and forbid to approach dinner, modestly and moderately taken, nearer than the distance of six hours, at the least.

The German pronunciation of the English th.

Many Germans, it is well known by all who are conversant with pronunciation, substitute the sound of *d* for that of *th*. A gentleman from Leipsig being asked how old he was, replied, "he was *dirty*;" (30) and when asked the age of his wife, he answered "she was *dirty-two*." (32.)

UNCLE SAM.

This expression, which originated during the war, from the initials 'U. S.' on the soldiers' knapsacks, has come into general use. The Indians at the west, from hearing it often used, have imbibed the idea that it is actually the name of the President; and while at Sackett's Harbor, a considerable number of Indians and Squaws, crowded around the President, wishing, as they expressed it, "*to shake hands with UNCLE SAM.*"

None fight with true spirit, who are overloaded with cash. A man who had been fortunate at cards was applied to, to act as a second in a duel, at a period when the seconds engaged as heartily as the principals. "I am not," said he, "the man for your purpose, just at present, but go and apply to him from whom I won a thousand guineas last night, and I warrant you he will fight like any devil."



EPIGRAM.

TOM meets his friend, and straight complains.

In very sad and doleful strains:

"Ah, Jack, what must I do?

My sweetheart's wed! the seamstress fair;

Eternal grief must be my share!

You smile—but it's too true!

"But nothing mads me worse than t' see
Who the man is she's chang'd for me;

A Barber on my soul!"

"You fool," says Jack, "What makes you mourn?

Pray, whither should the Needle turn

If not under the Pole?"

Seat of the Muses.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

ALBERT TO ELLA.

Does Ella's fingers "kiss the lyre"
To win the wreaths of fame?
Or does her youthful heart aspire
To gain a poet's name?
If FAME she seeks—yon lonely tomb
(Where genius' head lies low.)
Will tell her where those flow'rets bloom
That deck the minstrel's brow!

Does Ella ask a name alone,
For all the poet's woes,
Just scratch'd upon the dark grey stone
That marks his last repose?
Full soon will TIME, with finger rude,
That stone's inscription blot;
Yea, seek thee now where late it stood;
Thou canst not find the spot!

But, Ella, do not think the bard
Who writes this humble lay,
Would hold from thee that just reward
The muses to thee pay;
Nor think that Envy prompts the song,
Or Malice aims the dart,
For, Ella, he would never wrong,
Or wound thy feeling heart.

He only writes to shew the woes
Which on the minstrel wait,
And truly to thy heart disclose
Unfriended genius' fate;
But, yet if Ella well can bear
The world's neglect and scorn,
Still, still may Ella sweep the lyre
From eve to early morn.

EPITAPH ON HOGARTH.

By Garrick.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!

If genius fire thee, reader stay;
If nature touch thee, drop a tear,
If neither move thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honored dust lies here.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

SACRED

*To the memory of Miss JANE M'PHERSON,
who was unfortunately drowned, while bath-
ing on Rockaway Beach, the 5th of August,
1816.*

THE morning came! and friendship's tear
Proclaim'd her spirit's flight;
The morning came! but ah, not dear
We deem'd that morning's light.

The morning came! we made her grave
Beside the treach'rous deep;
The morning came! that faithless wave
Its treach'ry seem'd to weep.

The morning came! upon the strand
The orphan's head reclin'd;
The morning came! a stranger's* hand
Her lovely form enshrin'd.

The morning came! we bade farewell
To her we lov'd so dear;
The morning came! but who may tell
What bleeding hearts were here?

ALBERT.

* James Fairle, esq. of this city.

For the Ladies' Weekly Museum.

EVENING.

'Tis ev'ning now! and O, how kind
The zephyrs kiss the rose!
Now homeward plods the village hind,
Loud whist'ling as he goes;
How dear his home! for never there
Doth envy dare intrude,
Nor malice, hatred, black despair,
Or base ingratitude.

'Tis ev'ning now! the maniac raves
Around her lover's tomb,
And heedless treads o'er greener graves
Amid the church-yard's gloom;
Her bosom heaves—her eye is wild,
And fast her tear-drops flow;
Have mercy heav'n! for heav'n alone
Can soothe the maniac's woe.

'Tis evening now! and all is still,
Save when the weary breeze
Descending from the neighbouring hill,
Steals through the forest-trees;

Save when yon mournful bird of eve,
 Its little throat doth swell
 As if for day-light, past, to grieve;
 And chaunt the day's farewell.

But O, I love the peaceful hour
 When ev'ning's shades prevail;
 For ev'ning has a soothing pow'r,
 Which few but poet's feel;
 Then ev'ning stay—forever stay,
 And soothe this heart forlorn;
 And I will hail thy lamp's first ray
 Dear POESY'S earliest MORN. R.

SONG.

*From the new work of Thomas Moore, esq.
 entitled LALLA ROOKH.**

FAREWELL, farewell to thee, Araby's
 daughter!
 (Thus warbled a Peri beneath the dark
 sea,)
 No pearl ever lay under Oman's green
 water,
 More pure in its shell than thy spirit in
 thee.

Oh fair as the sea-flower, close to thee
 growing,
 How light was thy heart! till love's witch-
 ery came
 Like the wind of the South o'er a summer
 lute blowing,
 And hush'd all its music and wither'd its
 frame!

But long upon Araby's green sunny high-
 lands,
 Shall maids and their lovers remember
 the doom
 Of her who lies sleeping among the Pearl
 islands,
 With nought but the sea-star to light up
 her tomb.

And still when the merry date-season is
 burning,
 And calls to the palm-groves the young
 and the old,
 The happiest there from their pastime re-
 turning
 At sunset, will weep when thy story is
 told.

* Lily Cheek.

The young village maid, when with flow-
 ers she dresses

Her dark flowing hair for some festival
 day,

Will think of thy fate till neglecting her
 tresses,

She mournfully turns from the mirror
 away.

Nor shall IRAN—Beloved of her hero!—
 forget thee—

Though tyrants watch over her tears as
 they start,

Close, close by the side of that hero she'll
 set thee,

Embalm'd in the innermost shrine of her
 heart.

Farewell—be it ours to embellish thy pillow
 With every thing beauteous that grows
 in the deep,

Each flower of the rock and each gem of
 the billow

Shall sweeten thy bed and illumine thy
 sleep.

Around thee shall glisten the loveliest am-
 ber

That ever the sorrowing sea-bird has
 wept;

With many a shell in whose hollow wreath'd
 chamber

We, Peris of Ocean, by moonlight have
 slept.

We'll dive where the gardens of coral lie
 darkling,

And plant all the rosiest stems at thy
 head;

We'll seek where the sands of the Caspian
 are sparkling,

And gather their gold to strew over thy
 bed.

Farewell—farewell—until Pity's sweet
 fountain

Is lost in the hearts of the fair and the
 brave,

They'll weep for the chieftain who died on
 that mountain,

They'll weep for the maiden who sleeps
 in this wave.

NOTE *Peri*, pronounced *Pairy*, is the
 same word with our *Fairy*, (which came to
 us from the Persian,) and is to it analogous
 in meaning.

NEW-YORK,
SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1817.

Intelligence.

THE CALAMITY AT BALTIMORE.

Freshet.—On the night of Friday the 9th inst. the rain descended with unusual violence, and continued to increase until Saturday morning—between the hours of 9 and 12 o'clock of that day, the descending deluge seemed to pour from the clouds in torrents. Large sheets of water poured from the firmament upon us in such quantities, that the lower part of the city became completely immersed in water. In the mean time, the descending torrents through various channels were uniting all their streams, the rain continued to pour down with unabated vehemence. Marked-space was completely immersed—Men and women were seen passing in boats from one market to another, for the purpose of saving what little property could be preserved from the deluge. At length, as far as the eye could stretch in various directions, we beheld whole streets swept by the descending streams, forming a spectacle equally sublime and terrific. Jones' falls so suddenly replenished from so many sources, swelled beyond its banks, bearing away every thing in triumph that opposed the rapidity of the current. Ponderous bridges were loosened from their foundations in an instant, and were seen swept along like skiffs upon the floating surface. Houses that for a few moments appeared to obstruct the progress of the stream, were suddenly undermined, and swept away, bearing nothing but a shapeless mass of bricks. We do not believe that we exceed the truth, when we assert, that the waters raised to the height of 16 feet above its usual level.

Every bridge over Jones' falls, excepting Baltimore, Gay and Pratt-street bridges, were demolished, and fragments of floating timber, broken furniture, implements of industry, articles of merchandise, houses, horses, cows and

other cattle, all swept away in confusion, proclaimed the extent of the injury committed. We were forcibly impressed at this moment, with the apparent nothingness and vanity of human strength, beholding this terrific demolition with so much ease, of works, that required so much patient labour to erect—we looked—they seemed to stand firm and irresistible at one moment—we looked again, and they were gone.—Amid this marring of the elements, were to be seen the generous and benevolent, encountering every hazard, and braving every danger, for the preservation of the persons and property of their countrymen—sailing amidst the floating wrecks, and snatching the distressed and afflicted from what appeared to be instant and inevitable death—this was a spectacle, if possible, more sublime than that presented by the desolation itself. We cannot, at this early period, speak of the extent of the injury; this must be a matter of future calculation and enquiry. The ensuing morning arose brilliant and serene—we see nothing now of that destructive agent, and we can now only trace his route by his ravages. He has departed indeed like a dream; but he has left wrecks behind. We presume that it is unnecessary to state to our fellow citizens, that a strong, imperious christian duty remains now to be performed—To search out and to relieve the sufferers by this visitation of Divine Providence, we presume will be no less a pleasure than a duty; poverty can only command a tear for the sufferings of others; it is the higher, more noble, more God-like privilege of opulence not only to sympathise over, but to relieve such distresses. Several lives have been lost, the number not yet ascertained, and upwards of a million of property destroyed.

The water company's mill dam has been swept away, and the canal partially filled up. Pennington's mill dam carried away, as also are most of the mill dams on Jones' falls. The rolling and splitting mill, as well as the bridge at Ellicott's upper mills, have also been

carried away.—The extent of injury has not yet been ascertained.

But what will more immediately deserve the attention of the Police, will be the great quantity of stagnant water deposited in private cellars.—Such a nuisance in this hot season, unless speedily removed may create pestilence, and do far more injury than the flood. We presume that no time will be lost in taking the most effective measures to guard against so serious an injury.—

Balt. Fed. Rep.

The Storm, which raged with such fury at Baltimore on Friday last, says the Commercial Advertiser, was still more awfully felt at *Little York*, in Pennsylvania. The accounts we this day give from that devoted spot, are of the most melancholy description, representing scenes of the most heart rending nature, such as beholding houses with their occupants sinking or overturned by the violence of the stream, and their inhabitants retreating to their roofs, or contending in the waters, or perishing in the flood, without in many cases, being able to afford relief, was enough to appal the stoutest heart. A letter says, "It was really distressing to see the people at the windows and on the tops of the houses, waving their hats and crying for assistance, most of whom, we are happy to say, were saved.—Nine persons lost their lives; six whites and three blacks. It is supposed the loss will exceed \$ 500,000."—Another letter states, that "the number of lives lost is supposed to be 40; fifteen have already been found. It was painful to see the people on their houses clasping each other and crying for help. The scene was shocking."

Late from Egypt.—"At Cairo they have experienced a circumstance not remembered by the oldest Egyptian—four days of excessive torrents of rain, which had nearly destroyed whole villages. The houses having been built of unbaked clay, scarcely a dwelling escaped without injury, and had the rain continued a few days longer, all the city of Cairo itself, must inevitably have been washed away.

On Sunday last, says a Lexington, (Kentucky) paper of July 22d, two respectable ladies were killed by lightning in the Presbyterian meeting-house in this town—Mrs. Eleanor M'Cullough and Mrs. Jane Luckett. This truly afflicting dispensation of Providence happened during divine worship—the scene of distress and confusion among the congregation, can scarcely be imagined.

NUPTIAL.

MARRIED,

By the rev. Mr. Bork, Mr. James R. Gibson, merchant, to Miss Catherine Van Keuren, daughter of the late Robert S. Van Keuren.

By the rev. Mr. Feltus, Capt. George Robinson, of London, to Miss Adeline Parmeter, of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Kuypers, Mr. Gilbert S. Nixsen, to Miss Rachel Bancker, all of this city.

By the rev. Dr. Carbery, Mr. Michael Moan, merchant, to Miss Mary M'Corb, both of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Spring, Mr. Henry Young, to Miss Mary L. Hyde, all of this city.

By the rev. Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Henry Barclay, to Miss Catharine Watts, daughter of the late Robert Watts, esq.

OBITUARY.

The City Inspector reports the death of 50 persons, in this city, during the week ending the 9th inst.

DIED

In the 27th year of her age, Mrs. Charlotte Bainbridge, wife of capt. Joseph Bainbridge, of the U. S. Navy.

In the 23d year of her age, Mrs. Ann Bruce, wife of Mr. George L. Bruce.

Mrs. Rebecca Telford, wife of captain Francis Telford, aged 61 years.

Miss Hannah Farmer, in the 67th year of her age.

Mrs. Susan King, wife of Mr. Aaron O. King, aged 26 years.

Of a lingering illness, Mr. John H. Sherman, Printer, aged 34 years.

Mr. Samuel Pooley, aged 39 years.

Mrs. Elizabeth Mesier, aged 86.

John Bogert, esq. aged 62

In the 49th year of her age, Mrs. Eve Allen, consort of Mr. Henry Allen.

Mr. John Bennet, by a fall, in consequence of the scaffolding giving way, while at work, at a house in Lombardy-street. Three others, fell at the same time whose recoveries are considered doubtful.

INDIAN ELOQUENCE.

FROM THE STAR IN THE WEST.

THE writer of this was present at a dinner given by general Knox, to a number of Indians in the year 1789, at New-York; they had come to the president on a mission from their nations ---The house was in Broadway. A little before dinner, two or three of the Sachems, with their chief or principal man, went into the balcony at the front of the house, the drawing room being up stairs.—From this they had a view of the city, the harbour and Long-Island; after remaining there a short time, they returned into a room, apparently dejected;—but the chief more than the rest. Gen. Knox took notice of it, and said to him, Brother! what has happened to you?—You look sorry; Is there any thing to distress you? He answered---“I’ll tell you, brother, I have been looking at your beautiful city---the great water---your fine country---and see how happy you all are. But then, I could not help thinking, that this fine country and this great water were once ours. Our ancestors lived here---they enjoyed it as their own in peace-- it was the gift of the Gréat Spirit to them and their children. At last the white people came here in a great canoe. They asked only to let them tie it to a tree, lest the waters should carry it away- we consented. They then said some of their people were sick, and they asked permission to land them and put them under the shade of the trees. The ice then came, and they could not go away. They then begged for a piece of land to build wigwams for the winter--we granted it to them. They then asked for some corn to keep them from starving---we kindly furnished it them, they promising to go away when the ice was gone. When this happened we told them they must go away with their big canoe; but they pointed to their big guns round their wigwams, and said they would stay there, and we could not make them go away. Afterwards more came. They brought spirituous and intoxicating liquors with them, of which the Indians became very

fond. They persuaded us to sell them some land. Finally they drove us back, from time to time, into the wilderness, far from the water, and fish and oysters ---they have destroyed the game---our people have wasted away, and now we live miserable and wretched, while you are enjoying our fine and beautiful country. This makes me sorry, brother!--and I cannot help it.”—BOUDINOT.

BRINE BATH RECOMMENDED TO BE KEPT IN FAMILIES BY DR. SIMS.

Take as many gallons of water as will fill the third of the bathing tub you intend to use. To this add about as much common sea salt as there is water; if the water be boiling at the time of using it, the whole will be immediately dissolved; if not some of the salt will remain granulated at the bottom at first, but will be gradually dissolved afterwards. This bath will keep good any number of years, and is not expensive in the end. Nervous, weak persons, for whom bracing is requisite, often cannot bear a bath of common water--nay, even of sea water; but they will always bear this without injury. It may be employed in the midst of frost and snow without danger of catching cold. Persons come out of it with a glow on their skin, and very agreeable sensations. A sponge or towel may also be wetted with the brine, and used all over the body where the bathing-tub cannot.—*London Mag.*

Light infusions of ginger alone, taken twice or thrice a-day, have been found very efficacious by the French surgeons in rheumatic affections. The pains are rendered at first, more excruciating; then follows copious perspiration and relief.

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